

THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE KINGDOM

Day 26 (P276)

The hour of sorrow approaches for the painful separation of Jesus and Mary, as He sets out for his public and apostolic life

"My mother, I love you; love me too. Increase in my soul the Will of God, and grant me your blessing also, so that I may do all my actions under your maternal gaze."

The soul to its Heavenly Mother:

Here I am again before you my Holy Queen mother.

Today, my filial love for you makes me run to witness the moment when my sweet Jesus, in taking leave from you, sets out to begin his apostolic life for the good of souls.

Holy Mother, I know you will suffer very much, as each moment of separation from Jesus will cost you your life, and I, your child, do not wish to leave you alone.

I want to dry your tears and offer you my company to comfort you in your loneliness.

And as we remain together, may you continue to impart to me your beautiful lessons on the Divine Will.

Lesson of the Queen of Heaven:

My dearest child, your company is most pleasing to me, for in you I will feel the first gift Jesus gave to me – a gift made of pure love, the fruit of his sacrifice and mine, and a gift that will cost me the life of my Son.

Now, listen closely to what your tender mother wishes to tell you.

Pay close attention, my child:

A new life of sorrow, loneliness and long separations from my beloved Jesus begins for your mother.

Our hidden life is ended and He, compelled by love, feels the irresistible desire to go out in public and make himself known, to go in search of man who is lost in the maze of his will and is prey to all evils.

Dear Saint Joseph has already died, Jesus is now leaving and I remain alone in our little house.

When my beloved Jesus asked me in obedience to leave, as He did nothing without first having informed me, I felt a sorrowful blow to my heart, but knowing that this was God's Supreme Will, I promptly offered to him my Fiat; I did not hesitate for one instant.

And with the Fiat of my Son and my own Fiat fused together, we separated.

In our ardent love, He blessed me and He departed.

I followed him with my gaze as far as I could, and then, withdrawing into my little home, I abandoned myself in the Divine Will which was my life.

But, oh, the power of the Divine Fiat is so immense that this Holy Will never let me lose sight of my Son, nor did He lose sight of me.

On the contrary, I felt Jesus' heartbeat in mine, and he felt mine in his.

Dear child, I received my Son as a gift from the Divine Will, and what this holy Will gives is subject neither to termination nor to separation; its gifts are permanent and eternal.

Therefore my Son was mine, and no one could take him away from me – neither death, nor sorrow, nor separation, for the immutable Divine Will had given him to me.

Our separation was only apparent, for in reality we were fused together body and soul.

What is more, since one was the Will that animated us, it was not possible for us to separate.

Now, the light of the Divine Will revealed to me just how badly and with what ingratitude the people would treat my Son.

This notwithstanding, He directed his steps toward Jerusalem.

His first visit was to the holy Temple in which He began his series of preaching.

But, what a sorrow to behold!

When He, the bearer of peace, of love and of order, preached his word that is full of life, it was poorly received and misinterpreted, especially from the learned and wise of those days.

And when my Son said He was the Son of God, the Word of the Father and the one who had come to save them, they took it so badly that they wanted to eliminate him as they looked at him with their furious eyes.

Oh, how my good and beloved Jesus suffered!

Their rejection of his message made him feel the death they inflicted upon his creative and divine word, and I, with full attentiveness, gazed upon that bleeding divine Heart, and offered him my maternal heart to receive his own wounds in order to console and sustain him when He was about to succumb.

Oh, how many times, after imparting his divine word, I saw him forgotten by all and without anyone to offer him any comfort;

He was left utterly alone – alone, outside of the city walls; outside, under the vault of the starry sky, leaning on a tree, crying and praying for the salvation of all.

And I, your mother, dear child, cried with him from my little house; in the light of the Divine Fiat I sent him my tears, my chaste embraces and my kisses to comfort him.

In seeing himself rejected by the great and the learned, my beloved Son did not stop giving himself to others, nor could He, but his love ran in his longing for souls.

Whence He surrounded himself with the poor, the afflicted, the sick, the lame, the blind, the dumb and those oppressed with many other maladies.

All such maladies were symbols of the many evils the human will had produced.¹²⁰

¹²⁰While not all maladies are the direct result of actual sin, they discover their provenance in the Original Sin of our first parents that all humans inherit at conception.

If Original Sin is the “predispositional” cause of a person’s disorders and maladies, actual sins, in certain cases, may be the “precipitative” cause of said disorders.¹²⁰

And dear Jesus healed everyone; He consoled and instructed everyone.

So He became the friend, the father, the physician and the master of the poor.

My child, just as the poor shepherds received Jesus at his birth with their visits, so the poor of those days followed Jesus in the last years of his life on earth, even unto his death.

Indeed, the poor and the unlearned are the simple ones who are less attached to their own judgment, thus they are more favoured and blessed, and are the preferred ones of my dear Son.

After all, Jesus chose poor fishermen to become his Apostles and the pillars of the future Church.

Now, dearest child, if I were to narrate all that my Son and I did and suffered during these three years of his public life, it would take too long.

What I recommend to you is that in all that you do and suffer, let your first and last act be offered up in the Divine Fiat.

For it was in our mutual Fiat that my Son and I were able to separate, and our Fiat gave us the strength to carry out this sacrifice.

Similarly, if you enclose everything in the eternal Fiat, you will find all the strength you need to carry out what it is you are to do, even if this means having to endure sorrows that may cost you your life.

Now, give me your word so that I, your tender mother, may always find you in the Divine Will.

In this way, you will also feel as though inseparable from me and from Jesus, our Greatest Good.

The soul:

My most sweet mother, in seeing you suffer so much, I unite myself to you.

I entreat you to pour out your tears and those of Jesus upon my soul to reorder it and enclose it within the Divine Fiat.

Aspiration:

Today, to honour me, offer me all your sorrows to accompany me in my loneliness, and in each sorrow you experience, place an "I love you" for me and for your Jesus in reparation for those who do not want to listen to his divine teachings.

Exclamation:

Divine mother, may your word and that of Jesus descend into my heart and form in me the Kingdom of the Divine Will.